

Adam Fieled

What Is and What Should Never Be

I was up in the stacks, picking at
a scab done in blank verse, I was
gazing blankly at lone/level sands,
I saw you floating in ginger down
aisle after aisle of carrion, carrying
red beacon light from a head halo,
I saw a book suddenly snapped, I
saw you in blurs of blue metaphor,
I was up against you in an aisle, I
took you into a kind of castle that
was really a closet, in castle/closet
we were magically welded to rivers
we were dirt to Browning in greens
catch the wind sail and spin way up
I woke to the sound of rain's gong
I saw that the desert had melted

Unreflecting Love

I dream endlessly of days
of unreflecting love.
I make my heart skip beats,
brain go soft, gut get lean, all
for unreflecting love. The books
don't say how to get there.
The gurus are stumped. All talk
of love reflected upon.
Years have passed, nothing
like it in sight. Sometimes I
get by, looking at kids'
books. Unreflecting love lives
there. Then, the book shuts,
the heart. Nothing left to dream
of but unreflecting love. Dreams,
reflections, gone not reflecting.

Concentrate!

for mary harju

laughter rises from (concentrate!) throats
in depths, de profundis; cushions w/ sheets
w/ floral patterns & wind rushes in;
streets surreal w/ coffee-shops (open at eleven),
so we go, get coffee, a brownie, sit
on curb / baltimore ave. near clark park--
we hit it-- slides, grim metal
fence, against park-lavatory walls

mary's lips taste like sweet brandy--

here we are; (concentrate!)

hikmet

most remarkable you loved a world
that nailed you like a too-vivid portrait
(red, blue, green) to soot-blackened
walls; that this love kept showing up
in poems like gold-rinded oranges;
that you kept it, always, close at hand.
stuck in thorn-bushes the length
of america, i look for this love
(fruit, flesh) inside myself, find
steel-hewn indifference, implacable,
endless, & america its faithful
mirror (informer, accomplice).
thus, all relation is blocked, unless
i peel you away & swallow your seeds. . .

After Andrew Marvell

Twelve long years, with the length
of all that time squeezed into a
universe that hovers between us,
as I knock back a third Jack and
Coke and you stir your Jameson,
as our eyes meet and I re-read in
my head what I wrote in a journal
twelve years ago: "two-faced,
mannish, and frigid." That's our
universe: words scrawled in the
heat of undecided passion, which
resolved in the submissive caresses
of another. Yet they hover there,
still undecided because I bet you
kept a journal too, and a good
one, and if you didn't well then
our universe isn't much, I don't give
a shit about the coyness that
canâ€™t be squeezed without stress,
and I'll find another mistress.

e-mail the poet at afeled@yahoo.com
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from *Apparition Poems*

#1524

Poems: do this every day, it
becomes like roulette without
being (or seeming) Russian; if
you go here what happens, if
you move your knight onto a
new square can you take all the
pawns (at once, even, why not
be ambitious?), not everyone is
simpatico, the knights often say
they're kings, the board is clay.

#1529

for Stephanie

I'm having a better time now,
I told her, its unfortunate that
you were happier fifteen years
ago, but you certainly had your
chance, those days we sat next
each other different places, and
of course your best friend the
idiot, Queen of Sheba, now here
you are back hot to fool around,
suddenly I call the shots, I'm a
real hot-shot, there's a shot we
might actually shoot each other,
because violence is what you want--
she unzipped her dress, frowning.

#1520

This posse wants "success," in
all the wrong ways-- down by
the old corral, I had a shoot-out
with the leader, who gave his girl
black eyes, battered thoughts, but

she's devoted, because she counts
"success" on the wrong fingers, I
hated to see her get trampled by a
buffalo herd-- anyway, ten paces,
I nailed him right in the heart, but
wasn't bothered, that part of him
never worked to begin with. Eat
dust, I said in parting, write about
how it tastes, you might "make it"
after all, but keep it in your mouth.

#1519

She says she
wants babies

from me, she
sends this to

me, nudging
my body in a

straight line I
recognize for

its blue streak,
I'll give her a

baby, I say, it's
part of a plan,

indecipherable
besides spaces--

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from Equations

#1

Here's my equation: sex is more human than everything else. Let me put sex to the left of me and you to the right of me. In the interstices between me and sex, I have achieved my greatest consonance with humanity. In the interstices between me and you, I can (hopefully) give you a greater consonance with humanity, just by showing you the seams, the zippers, the ruffles, the cuffs, all the accoutrements that dress us up to be naked, in a text with its own nakedness. If I start with Marie, it is to show you her humanity so that you know why this was, for both of us, a fortunate fall. Marie had pale flesh. I am watching her; she is sitting on the little grass upwards-going slope behind the White Lodge, sipping a bottle of beer. Her straight, shoulder length black hair is parted in the middle. Then, a big open field with a peninsula of woods behind it; we're in the woods, making out. She wants to lie down amid the ferns, twigs, dirt, grass, and have it off. She's a teenager and I'm 22 and I'm freaked out, can't do it. So that I learn two kinds of hungriness can't always converge. Our bodies are slaves to different masters: duty, propriety to the right of us, impetuosity, passions to the left. When two hungers meet, they must negotiate. My hands go up her sleeveless, multi-colored blouse, but I'm going down the slope towards duty and right action.

#2

When hungers meet in the middle, who wins? I held onto the top of my black mattress for leverage, Marie beneath me. Black mattress feels like a black Sabbath with this teenage princess on it, who has brought us hydrochloride pot to smoke. It's a cloudy afternoon in late November. To the right of us is the empty red fuzz coat with black buttons Marie likes to wear. To the left of us is the sense that you can't get what you want without breaking rules. I am consonant with the knowledge that morality is an ill-fitting glove for most mortals. The rightness of this is the rightness of me going down for the first time, thus expunging everything in my system that does not want to serve Marie. Intoxication traces its way around us and if I have fallen (and I know that I have) it is because what the preachers will tell you leaves too much out. As there is no bed (just the black mattress) no one in the house hears the pounding. She offers to take my streams, but I must not. It is in her nature to want the promise of motherhood hidden in the folds of her body. So our deepest hunger remains unsatisfied. Marie is naked except for the series of necklaces she likes to wear, and as she sits astride me they make little jingling noises that tell a tale of bitter bliss.

#16

There is the Godly and the diabolical. Someone has stolen Trish away from me; I'm using the Devil's wizardry to get her back. She comes to my apartment, drunk, in a white frilly skirt, hair in a bun, eyes half closed. When the inevitable laying on of hands takes place, Trish mouths a few negatives. Our bodies know that her mouth is being ironic. Faith is something (or someone) you have above the Earth; hands are for taking up out of the Earth to put something else back in again. I am overpowering Trish because we secretly know she is overpowering me. I am part of her equation: let's have sex about art. Since sex about art is meant to turn back into art again, drama, betrayals, secrets, and passionate consummations are all not only valid but mandatory. Her skirt is off, panties down, and for once I don't care how fast this is. I'm in with such ungodly relief that it takes ninety seconds for me to release myself into her. When it's this fast and this good, who cares what the equations are? The only equation is dissolution, and it's as permanent as hokey contrivance, where the human race is concerned. If the diabolical results in as complete a clench of dissolution as Godliness, then who's to say if God and the Devil might not be the same thing? The Devil's universe is as heightened as God's is; the Devil *goes up* just like God does. And, when it ends, you're left with recognitions that all binary systems dissolve in the sexual act, when it is performed without inhibition, and with full knowledge of no consequence.

#19

Have I ever stood wholly on my own reverse mountain? I met Cindy at the Bean on South Street. She had long, stringy black hair, large, frightened blue eyes, and a full figure. Moreover, she exuded a mood of emotional desperation. She was a scared kid and I (age twenty-nine) was on the prowl. The equation was mutual neediness, for separate reasons— she needed me to allay her hunger for affirmation, her need to be needed; I needed her to provide food for a voracious hunger for female flesh. And when I saw her apartment (almost a loft, pictures she had taken strewn everywhere), it added to the novelty aspect of the experience. I penetrated her sans protection, knowing how her neediness could be manipulated; and a torn condom wrapper by the side of the bed painted a picture that could not be mistaken. This girl was lonely. I was in this for the high (no other reason), and while she slept I rode the high out into the universe. I learned that the universe is not only *higher up* but *deeper in*. Because I was only higher up, I felt my high fade

into a depression. Cindy clung to me, but the man I was for her that night was a nothingness. Everything I'd done had hurt her, as I later found out. When notches start accruing to your bedpost, it is hard to avoid the crassly materialistic attitude that another notch equals victory. The cost is a series of flights into nothingness, the sensation of a nitrous high gone bad.

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